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From the *Press for the Oppressed and Enslaved*.

A Chapter for the Times.

BY A CITIZEN.

The time for concession and compromise has now passed. The Slave Power rules us. It has proved wiser than we—for aggression has been its policy, conciliation ours.—Whilst it has played the subtle tyrant's part, we just like the crazy old dotard, have tamely yielded to every successive encroachment upon our rights, till the *prerequisites of Democracy* are no longer ours. So long as it is dictated to us, that overbearing insolence has become its essential characteristic;—and so long have we rendered implicit obedience to it, that severity to us is now a second nature. I affirm, without the fear of successful contradiction, that there is not on record a more illustrious example of bold, uncompromising opposition on the one hand, and of cringing, unmanly submission on the other, than is exhibited to the world in the history of the Slave and Free powers of this pseudo-Republic. Our Fathers thought it justifiable to rise in stern rebellion against the British throne; and for a self vindication which they published to the world a declaration, which we are accustomed to call the Charter of our Rights.—But there is not a sentiment contained in that immortal document—a nor a doctrine for which our ancestors died—that is not virtually abrogated by the Legislation of the Dynasty which controls our nation. For the vital principle of that declaration is the absolute equality of mankind;—whereas the law of the land—nay, the Constitution itself, which is the fountain of national law—by treating this principle as a pure abstraction which neither does nor can have any objective reality in human government, has pronounced it to be *absolutely nugatory*. Indeed, the great exponent of the Oligarchy has expressly affirmed the right of government to chattel men. “What the law deems to be *property*,” says he, “is *property*.”—“Two hundred years of legislation have sanctioned and sanctified negro slavery.” Then I pronounce our condition to be no better than that of the Southern bondmen. We hold our rights by the *suffrance of tyrants*, not by the delegation of God. Expediency alone prevents our experiencing at this hour the rigors of the African yoke. This is the spirit of the American government; against which if we rise not up in speedy and effectual rebellion, the day draws on when it will be emphatically said of our children's children, “Two hundred years of legislation have sanctioned and sanctified the enslavement of whites.”—Whenever the terrible arm of unrighteous legislation is lifted to crush a single human right—whenever government itself binds the heavy chain upon limbs that God created free, then its fetters are laid upon every citizen. True, they may not be felt at first; yet it wants but time to rivet them eternally sure. I announce no paradox when I affirm, that every self-declared freeman in these northern Republics is daily whipped and branded and handicapped and chattelized in the person of the American slave. An injury done to the meanest subject is treason against the whole.

Our present condition is truly a deplorable one. A haughty dynasty, with one foot on the necks of God's own poor, and the other fiercely sprouting the free laborer, wields the rod of empire over us.* And what can we do? Stir we cannot; for in Church and State, in Constitution and creed, in religion, revenue and laws, in internal policy, in character, in destiny and all, we are last linked to the ear of the stern oppressor.

Do you fondly ask, “Wherein has the South oppressed us? Are we not still as free as our fathers?” Poor fool! then you are one of those who can never feel the weight of a tyrant's chain, because it is made of gold! Greece had just such citizens as you, when the *sanguine Macedonian monarch* was clinching rivets after rivets of those stern fetters which locked her fast and forever in slavery's sluggish embrace. It was in the faces of just such men as you that Demosthenes thundered his immortal Philippics—immortal only as the first outburst of expiring patriotism. Their utmost power, enough to wither the tyrant's heart and stir the graves of Achæa's early heroes, was all expended, when, upon the lips of luxury-loving Athenians, played the smile of incredulity and the expression of scorn. Now if those lofty words, tinged with poetic fire and gleaming with vengeance, were to fall upon your ears today, would they be any more likely to rouse your soul from its leaden slumber?

Aspiring rulers always have to have just such subjects as you—in men who will never speak in defense of the right, when a bribe is put in their hand; but who will babble about tariffs and banks, compromises and currency, so long as their throats are stuffed with gold. Go on in your cherished delusion, if you will. Imagine yourself to be free, whilst the lordly oppressor is filling your pockets for the privilege of spitting in your face and trampling on your God-given rights. But I reserve to myself the prerogative of speaking when I am trod down, and of taking to ungodly tyrants about liberty and right. Pray no longer about freedom, when the public press is chained by a stronger arm than legislation; when the pulpit and the bar and the forum and the Senate hall, that should echo day and night with the doctrines of the Declaration, are silent as the voiceless tomb. Utter no more the word “Liberty,” when man may not lift his voice

* Witness the insolent boast of John Randolph in the debate upon the Missouri question: “We do not govern the people of the North by our black slaves, but by their own white slaves. We know what we are doing. We, of the South, are always united from the Ohio to Florida; and we can always unite; but you of the North are beginning to divide. We have conquered you once, and we can, and we will, conquer you again. Aye, sir, we will drive you to the wall, and when we have you there once more, we mean to keep you there, and nail you down like base worms.”

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

“NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS”

VOL. 2.—NO. 30.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 82.

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The Value of the Union.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* chronicles the fact—which our own papers have failed to notice—that certain Pennsylvanians have sent petitions to the Senate praying for a peaceful dissolution of the Union, and sincerely add, that the best way for those who dislike the Union is to withdraw from it themselves. Our reply to this is, that we have already withdrawn from it; we have withdrawn from it in the only way in which a withdrawal is proper for the accomplishment of our object or consistent with our duties; we have revolted out all alliance to the Constitution, and ceased in every way voluntarily to give it our support. But what the *Journal* of course means when it speaks of the best way, is that we should withdraw bodily from the country. This, however, would be no way at all. It would not be removing the evil, but removing from it, which is not part of our object. We do not object to the Union, excepting as we are forced by it to help preserve the horrid institution of the South. So far from wishing to disintegrate ourselves from any part of the human family with which we are now bound, we would extend our Union to all the nations of the earth, that the artificial boundaries which now keep us asunder, might be removed, and an universal brotherhood of peace might be formed.

They are willing the slaves should have the majority of the South would never consent to it. They believe that in opposing slavery the abolitionists are meddling with what they do not understand. But I know of no abolitionist who does not know more of slavery than people here do of northern society. With the exception of those who travel at the north, their ignorance is astonishing. I have had bad questions asked me that would disgrace a school boy on the R-serve. Until this pople become better educated and more intelligent, anti-slavery principles must go in ground very slowly. But I shall not enlarge on this point until I have seen more of Kentucky society.

Society in Kentucky.

Correspondence of the Ohio Observer.

For fifteen or twenty miles south of Cincinnati the country has been long settled, with many good buildings and much appearance of wealth. From that towards Lexington it is as new as Lorain or the more southern parts of Ashtabula county. The section, though hilly, is quite pleasant and very fertile. The land is divided into farms about as it is on the Reserve, and they are generally paid for. But the poorest class of people there have more of the comforts of life than are enjoyed by the common farmers here. When a Kentuckian builds a log house he contemplates it as a residence for life. For warmth he depends more upon a large fire than a tight building. Convenience enters very little into his calculations. For the first time with in the last thirty years, I have had a drink of water brought to me in a gourd which should not!

What are our “institutions” but the monuments of our shame and hypocrisy? High handed wrong in the South—robbery for rat robbing* in the Church—the pulpit silent—the bar eloquent in defense of political injustice—the Senate hall reverberating with the menacing tones of giant oppressors—the Forum clamorous with the shouts of the wondering people crying, “It is the voice of a God, and not of a man!”—all these things, I say, mark us out as the special object of the world's scorn, and of Jehovah's more terrible judgment.

Slavery is found here in as mild a form as anywhere in the United States. A very few men more than one family of slaves, and provision being abundant, there is no inducement to want them in their food. Those who do not now own them will not buy, because it “down river traders” will pay more than any one can afford to give here, and risk their enterprise. When a family increases beyond probable employment, a part are sold off to the dealers in human flesh. They will buy slaves between twenty and fifty years of age, and understanding separations must be made in place. I have often been told by friends and Kansassites that the slaves here are better conditioned than the colored people in the free States—that they fare as well as their masters, or their hired people at the most; and that with few exceptions they are as contented and happy as any other class of people. But when different parties are concerned, it is well to hear both sides.—Seeing a slave that appeared to feel very well, I asked him if he had a kind master. Looking to see if any one was within hearing, he replied, “both middlin’.” I then asked him if the slaves here were generally well treated. With some pleasure he replied that, “if hard work and no pay was good treatment, they had plenty of it.”

I became very much interested in a slave at another house, apparently about fifty years of age. He had travelled considerably with his master, and for an uneducated man was quite intelligent. His wife and child was owned by another man, four miles distant. His master was kind to him, and he had no reason to be afraid of being sold. He did not think his children would be; but said he could not tell what might take place. I asked his opinion as to what the slaves would do, if emancipated. He said he believed that it would be with them just as it would be with the white people; some would do bad, others would do well. They would have a greater inducement to labor than, because they would have the benefit of it. For himself, he knew that if free, he could not only get a better living than his master gives him, but could take a more comfortable living with his family. My sympathies were touched for the poor man, when he exhibited all the tender feelings for his family, that are ever seen in white people. O how much unseen and untold misery lies pent up in the bosom of this down-trodden race! This man has frequently been to Ohio with his master, and knew when there that he was free by the laws of that State. But he returned because he could not leave his family. This is one of the very cases so often cited to prove that when well-treated, the slaves become attached to their masters and prefer their condition to freedom. Probe the matter to the bottom, and it amounts to nothing more than the fact that conjugal and parental feelings predominate over the love of liberty.

When a slave is full fed, comfortably clothed, not over-worked, has his pastimes and holidays, he is supposed to be as happy as his nature will admit. This is the secret of all that good treatment of which we hear so much at the north.

To see them at their daily business—at work, perhaps with their masters or mistresses, or mingling with the family pretty much as the hired persons do at the north, or enter into ordinary conversation with them, and we might suppose them to enjoy life about the same as other people. But sit down by the side of a slave, and get him to open his heart to you, and you will find a gnawing worm in his bosom. He knows that by being robbed of his liberty he is abused and degraded. The happiness of the slave here is only of the negative kind—more exemption from bodily suffering. As far as I can learn, they are seldom whipped, and generally sufficiently clothed to protect them from the weather. To the latter remark, however, I have seen some very sad exceptions. Their common clothing is generally dirty, ragged, or very much patched. Take any class of females and confine them to such apparel as is worn by the black women here, and they will soon lose their self-respect and sink into degradation.

I have heard no man in Kentucky speak on the subject, but wishes that slavery did not exist. The hardest to turn the back upon public

S. PROTEST

Against Slavery by Baptists Ministers in Maine.

The undersigned, Baptist ministers in the State of Maine, deeply impressed with the evils of Slavery, as it exists in these United States, do hereby declare their belief, that LIBERTY is the natural right of every human being—that it has its origin in the divine constitution, which declares that “God has made of one blood, all nations of men”—in perfect harmony with which, the Declaration of our Independence asserts, that “all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.”

With these views, maintained by nearly every civilized nation, we feel it to be a sacred duty which we owe to our own consciences, and much more to nearly three millions of oppressed and chattelized human beings, in a country boasting of its independence, its freedom and equal rights, solemnly to declare, that Slavery is a palpable violation of those rights, and is founded in high handed injustice, oppression and wickedness. Above all, we protest against the system and practice of slavery, as unavoidably depriving the most of the enslaved, of the knowledge of the word of God, thereby erecting the highest barrier which can be raised against their salvation.

This solemn Declaration and Protest we do, as Christian ministers, put forth in the name of our common humanity, and entreat all persons who are implicated in this sin against God, and especially all who bear the sacred office of the Christian ministry, earnestly to pray for its extinction, and to take wise and speedy measures to save the country from this crying sin, and the judgment to which it exposes the whole nation.

BRUNSWICK, June 16, 1846.

[The above was signed by Eleazar Robbins and one hundred and forty-two other persons. We should be glad to give the names of all the signers did our limits permit.—E. E. D.]

In a report of the proceedings of an anti-slavery meeting recently held in Boston, we find the following sketch of the remarks made by Wendell Phillips on that occasion:

He commenced his speech by reading a letter from the Hon. J. R. Gridley, of O., in answer to an invitation to be present at the annual meeting; after which, he poured out a strain of indignant eloquence on the Mexican war. He gave a graphic and vivid description of the almost omnipotent power of the slave system of this country over the North and South; on the politics, the religion, the commerce, the education, and all the social interests of the country. He said slavery was like the fatal black mountain, in the story of St. Paul the sailor, situated on an island in the midst of the ocean, whose magnetic power was so strong that whenever a vessel neared the fatal spot, all her nails and spikes were drawn out, and she fit to pieces and sunk to the bottom. So in this country, whether we launch the nobleship of State, or the Church unfolds her canvas to the breezes of heaven, they even in turn approach the black mountain of slavery—their bolts leap out, they fall asunder, and sink in the general vortex of ruin. The absolute necessity of seeking a dissolution of the present blood-crazed Union was seen in the fact, that nothing is free from the polluting influence of slavery. Office, reputation, commerce, manufactures, religion, are all controlled by the power of slavery; and the temptation is too potent for most minds to grapple with. This fact Mr. Phillips aptly illustrated by referring to an incident that occurred a few days since, at Faneuil Hall. A sword was presented to Col. Isaac H. Wright, an officer in the regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. Mr. Phillips said he had stood on the same platform with Col. Wright, and heard him contend for the inviolability of human life, as a reason for abolishing the gallows. John A. Bolles, Esq., who presented the sword in a war speech, a short time since wrote a prize essay for the American Peace Society, on the propriety of settling all national disputes, by a congress of nations. “And he is a Washingtonian, too,” said a gentleman in the back part of the hall. “Yes, and a member of the Baptist church, also,” said another voice. “Yes,” continued Mr. Phillips, and a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Bolles, of this city, who congratulated the Baptists on their success in the political arena.

Disunion will soon become the great question of the times; the people cannot be kept from discussing it, and abolitionists should be prepared by canvassing it in all its bearings, by viewing its possibilities and probabilities, its advantages and disadvantages, to meet the objections of opponents, as well as to aid the friends of humanity and the Slave by putting arguments into their mouths. Pa. Friends,

COMMUNICATIONS.

Political and Moral Power.

February 6, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:

I see in the 4th number of the *Era*, under the head of "Robert Owen and his Plans," some remarks which seem to me to be out of place in the *editorials* of that paper. I think if the editor had been arguing in favor of "Liberty Party" political action, he would have reversed the philosophy there urged against the political action proposed by Owen. What has caused this radical change in the Doctor's opinions which has induced him to discard political action? Or is it that he has not changed—that he is free from prejudice in this case, and can see things more clearly—not obscured by his party spectacles—not having in this case a party to defend? I should rather imagine the latter to be the act, inasmuch as I have not discovered that he has abjured his political creed relative to the Liberty party. But to his position in the editorial referred to.

"Our own opinion is," says the Dr., "that no scheme of reformation can be successful which attempts to elevate the individual chiefly or exclusively by operating on society. The only efficient mode of changing the aggregate is by changing the parts of which it is composed."

Let us extend this philosophy to the Liberty party, and see if it will not suit their case as well as it does Mr. Owen's. The Dr. does not deny that Mr. Owen's plan of government would be better than the one we now have; but rather admits such to be the fact by his arguing that Political reformation, of itself, is of no avail. Well, then, surely if, in the case of Mr. Owen, Political reformation would do no good, why will it when brought about by Liberty party? The two cases are parallel—the only difference is that one proposes a change of one part, the other of another part; while in many respects both would agree as to the change that should be made.

The Dr. is right when he supposes Mr. O. to be wasting his strength in a wrong channel in his attempts to reform mankind by law; but he is wrong when he thinks that Liberty party will do the work in that way. Why is it, we are led to ask, that Mr. O.'s plans, even though they should be adopted, and admitting them to be far superior to those now in operation—why is it, that they would fail to benefit the condition of "individuals" or "society." Will the Dr. or his political co-adjudicators answer this question? They cannot and stand on political ground. We will let the Dr. answer. In the editorial referred to, he adds, in his arguments, to prove the importance of law, constitutions, statutory enactments or governments to better mankind—

The history of the world records sudden changes in the forms of government. Monarchy has, at times, been instantly substituted by democracy; democracy, not infrequently, has given place just as speedily to military despotism. * * * Even these changes, however, were not permanent, did not appear in their maturity at once, unless there were preliminary modifications of character or circumstances adapted to the new order of things. We have never heard of a whole people assembling in convention and by a formal resolve altering their habits and customs, and revolutionizing their whole internal life. * * *

But the reformatory movement must commence and be carried on among the individual elements of society. * * *

The reformatory process, if pushed much beyond the point to which the great majority of individuals have advanced, will prove a failure."

Surely it will. The whole tale is told.—It is this: if you make laws ahead of the people, they "will be a failure." And why? Merely because public opinion, in republican governments, is law. For the simple reason that all history of our country proves that if the law requires the people to do better than they wish to do, they disregard it; and also, if it requires them to do worse than they wish to, they will not regard it. What other reason, Dr.? What good, then, does the law do? You may say that it will do good when it accords with the will of the people. But, surely, if they will only obey the law when they wish to, and not then because the law dictates it, but from the simple fact that they would do law or no law, the law does no good. What good would it do for a man every morning to resolve to do, through the day, just what he intends to do, *resolute or no resolute*, and attach a penalty thereto for a violation which he did not intend to make, and which, should he make, would not call forth punishment? But may be some politicians would dissent from the Dr. and argue that law does protect the people. I would ask when? I would say with Samuel Lewis, at Harveysburgh when on his electioneering tour last summer, "that there was never a greater humbug attempted to be palmed off on the people since the father of lies first commenced inventing humbug, than that law protects the people." You may, says Mr. L. "heav up your laws as high as the tree tops and mankind will be no better.—All we ask is, that the law get out of the way and let humanity advance."

In proof of the Dr.'s and Lewis' positions, that law is worthless—that moral power has to do the work—that public opinion is law, I would refer the advocates of political action to the burning of Pennsylvania Hall—the mobs in Philadelphia, in which the property of unoffending citizens was demolished and their persons injured—the Boston mob, in which an innocent and unoffending citizen was dragged through the streets with a halter

round his neck—to the mobs in Cincinnati, when Anti-Slavery printing presses were thrown into the river, property demolished, houses assailed and their inmates abused, the colored people, many of them, thrown into dungeons to save their lives—to the murderer of Lovejoy at Alton. What will be done with these facts? All of them were contrary to law. The law, had there been any magic power in it to have paralyzed the arm of the mobocratic populace, would have done it. But the people were in favor of these things, therefore law could not be enforced.

I would, also, notice that a few years ago, the black laws of Ohio were enforced with vigor in almost all parts of Ohio.—Vagabonds, urged on by Church and State, Christian and Clergy, were stationed through the State to arrest the fugitive and send him back, and to punish the perpetrator of the benevolent act. Now but little regard is paid to those laws. I remember a few years ago we had to travel at night on those errands, now we can go in broad day light. I remember that some six years ago one of our southern brother was moving through Ohio with some women and children whom he called his own. We tried his legal title and even the defendant's counsel declared by it those mothers and sisters were free. Yet the pro-slavery *Justice* in the presence of a pro-slavery mob declared them legal slaves. But now how is it? Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Alton cannot raise mobs to murder men for being humane, or baptize printing presses because by them truths have been printed. Yet the laws are the same that they were when those wicked deeds were done. Now an Anti-Slavery paper can be published even at Washington.—Now fugitives can be conducted through towns and villages in day time, and all is right. Now the legal authorities of a county in Ohio permit colored people to vote—give testimony in the county court, and have the benefit of the school fund.

But I must stop. Have already extended my letter too long for your paper, and yet have been brief and am not near through.—Pardon the length of the article, and publish it if you think it is worth it.

Yours for Truth,

J. P. DAVIS.

To Luther Russell, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—

I was somewhat surprised at your course in the recent Assembly, inasmuch as an intimate acquaintance with you had confirmed me in the belief that you at all times went against oppression, and sympathized with the oppressed every where. What inference can be drawn from your report as one of the minority of the Committee to which was referred the subject of the repeal of all laws making a distinction on account of color? Is it not that you refuse to give the black man and the mulatto any place of refuge or protection in Ohio—even the privilege of running across the State to Victoria's dominions?

Must we not infer that you will exterminate, so far as your influence will go, the last man that has African blood in his veins? Still you affect to have sympathy for them, and would have their children go to school.—Pray, tell how many there will be to educate after they have all been driven from our State?

I imagine that I see the poor slave, after having obtained the price of his redemption by saving a penny at a time, by doing some vile drudgery on Sundays, and at nights after his day's toil is over, take his free papers and praise God for the blessings of liberty. Lest he should fall among thieves a second time, he turns his face Northward and starts for Canada, the only place of refuge for the down-trodden. He arrives on the south shore of the Ohio, and on its northern bank he sees Luther Russell with waving banner, on which is inscribed "Liberty and equal rights."—Glory to God," says the old man, "that must be the country I am seeking." In he plunges and swims for Ohio. But as he approaches he begins to grow suspicious—he sees in the hand of Mr. Russell a musket with fixed bayonet. He implores protection, but is thrust away with this declaration—"Lest the rights of our own citizens should be encroached upon, I have sworn by the Eternal, that no nigger shall set foot on our shore; and you old worn out black dog must go back to your former home. Yet nevertheless, I wish my old abolition friends to understand that I feel great sympathy for the suffering poor who are so severely oppressed under the laws of Ohio." The poor emancipated slave turns despondingly away and exclaims "Merciful God! how unlike the actions of the good Samaritan is the conduct of this man! Oh, where is the land in which Christians dwell?"

Your's Respectfully,
R. J. HENRY.
Twinsburg, Feb. 12, '47.

Liberty Party—Consistency.

FRIENDS JONES:—

I wish to say a few words through the Bugle to our brethren of the Liberty party. In the first place it must be remembered that the object of the party is to abolish slavery. Of course, if the members of it should be convinced that voting under the present Constitution is not calculated to forward that object, they would abandon it.

Suppose the country to be divided on the slavery question alone, and a considerable majority, from prejudice, education, or any other cause, should be in favor of slavery, is

it reasonable to suppose that they would relinquish their prepossessions? You in a minority, tell the majority that all you want is power, and you will thwart their wishes.—Will they give you power thus to blast their prospects? Would you voluntarily relinquish your hold on the reins of government?

Perhaps you say that your main dependence is on arguments, addressed to the understanding.

Can you imagine how effectually you close up the understanding against all appeals, by the mere fact of your hostile position, in proposing to have your own way as soon as you can obtain the necessary power? All must admit that ignorance and darkness in the country is the cause of slavery and all its consequent evils. And if threatening to force people out of their old practices, is calculated to infuse light in their minds, then you pursue a proper course. But it is always safe to bring such cases home and try them by our own feelings. Suppose you discover a company organized to effect your interest forcibly, will not your ingenuity be taxed to defeat them? and if you have the power you will forever keep it, unless you surrender it under the action of some other influence.

If Liberty party could by any possibility get a majority in Congress, and should pass all laws that any liberty man could devise, it would be of no effect unless slaveholders were more law-abiding citizens than Liberty men. Be it said, much to the praise of Liberty men, that they disregard some of the features of the black laws of this State. But while they thus disregard the laws of other people's making, they can expect no better observance of laws made by themselves.—Gerrit Smith some time ago issued his advice to the slaves, recommending their flight to the free States with any article of property that would expedite their escape. Without questioning the motives of friend Smith, it certainly appears very inconsistent to urge the violation of existing laws, and at the same time try to frame laws for other people's observance. The spread of truth is necessary to the abolition of any evil, and in your endeavors to force it on the people, you close up their ears against it. Like the regulator of a steam engine, it makes no difference how much you raise the steam, the gain in speed is nothing, on account of the prompt action of the regulator, so opposition in the human mind rises just in proportion to its opposing force.

Third party brethren will of course stick to the pointings of duty in all cases whatever, and it is perfectly right for all to act in strict accordance with their consciences, but let them be enlightened as fast as possible. Your friend and brother,

M. T. JOHNSON.

Short Creek, Ohio.

LEESBURG, Carroll co., O., Feb. 8th, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

My attention has been called to an editorial article in the Bugle of January 15th, which seems to require a passing notice. The article referred to is headed, "Are the Wesleyans Retrograding?" As I do not wish to occupy space in your paper only to correct a false impression the article referred to is calculated to make, I will merely say, that you have been led into an error by some person, in reference to the case of W. J. Cosm.—There has never been a charge preferred against him by A. R. Dempster, or any other person on this circuit, and consequently the Leesburg Conference (as you call it) could not have entertained a charge against him. Reference to what is found in the article about Wesleyan members of the Democratic and Whig parties being offended at language used applying to J. K. Polk and H. Clay, it is all a mistake. We have no such characters in the Wesleyan Church in this circuit, or in any of our churches on this circuit, to the best of my knowledge. So you perceive that your very nice and pertinent remarks about the watches of the members of the Conference are out of place.

Respectfully, &c.,

A. R. DEMPSTER.

[We are informed by James W. Walker, who has recently been holding meetings at Leesburg, and who conversed with A. R. Dempster and others on the subject above referred to, that the only difference between our article and the facts in the case, is this: we stated that a charge was made, it should have been, a complaint was entered; and instead of the Quarterly Conference entertaining the charge, it entertained the complaint—which was preferred by A. R. Dempster, as the representative of the Leesburg Church—and passed a resolution recommending Wm. J. Coon to be more careful, &c., in future! Instead of Whigs and Democrats being offended, it appears they were Liberty party men!] The above matter, we understand, came up in the usual routine of business.—EPM.

The "LONE STAR."—Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, in a recent speech upon Texas annexation and its results, said the "Lone Star" reminded him of the star described in the vision of the Apostle on the Isle of Patmos: "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from Heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon a third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters;

"And the name of the star is called Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, FEBRUARY 26, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Col. CILLEY—Mexican War—Thanks to Gen. Taylor—Right of Petition.

A few months since we referred to the official action of Liberty party Representatives, as evidence that they, like other political aspirants were not to be trusted—that notwithstanding their professed love for liberty, and the claim that their party was *par excellence* the devoted and efficient friend of humanity, it was unsafe to confide in them.—Since then, more astounding developments have occurred that ought to satisfy every unprejudiced mind, that the claims and pretensions of Liberty party are as unmeaning as the Southerner's boasted love for freedom.—When Colonel Cilley—the first and only Liberty party Senator—was elected, great expectations were entertained of him by many of his party. Have those expectations been realized?—has he proved himself a friend of the oppressed, or of the oppressor? The first act of importance which he did was to offer a resolution recommending a withdrawal of the U. S. troops from Mexico.—"Nobly done," cried the party, "this is bearding the lion in his den! See what Cilley's election has already accomplished!" After making an explanatory speech upon that resolution, he himself voted to lay it on the table! His object in presenting it, may be gathered from the following report of his remarks taken from the National Intelligencer:—

"His plan was to withdraw our forces to some point within the boundary of the United States, where the sustenance for an army would be more readily obtained, and there augment the army to any extent they pleased; have the soldiers well drilled and inured to service, so that when a blow was to be struck it might be *sic a blow as would make itself felt throughout the Republic of Mexico*. It appeared that this war was not to be a short war; it was going to be a long one; and in order to prosecute it with vigor and success, a greatly enlarged and more efficient force would be required. What amount of force would be required he was unable to say, but it seemed the army which had been sent there was altogether inadequate to the successful completion of the war, although they had achieved BRILLIANT VICTORIES and won for themselves imperishable fame at Palo Alto and Monterey. He considered the affair of Monterey the most brilliant achievement on record!—a battle won as it was by a small army against vastly superior numbers protected by strong fortifications."

Here is a rich specimen of Liberty party abolitionism—of its opposition to the Mexican war. Colonel Cilley thought Polk had not adopted the best plan for the conquest of Mexico, so he proposed a mode by which a blow might be struck more terrible than any the American forces had before given. It may be said that the party is not responsible for Cilley's sentiments, for this is the stereotyped answer with which its members meet all charges of responsibility. Do they think the people are so silly as to believe them?—It is an insult to the common sense of the community to try to palm off the idea that no matter what the leaders of that party say, no matter what its official representatives do, no matter what its organs declare, the party is not responsible. Its members hold the Whigs and Democrats strictly accountable for the actions and sentiments of the leaders of their respective parties, and why should they claim exemption from being judged by the same principle by which they judge others?

The second senatorial act of Colonel Cilley was in perfect harmony with his first, indeed it might be said to grow out of it, for after he had so highly eulogized Gen. Taylor's murderers and robber-like course, what more just and proper than to vote him a resolution of thanks, which he accordingly voted with others?

The next act we shall notice is one which we conceive involves the Right of Petition. Colonel Cilley was sent to Washington by New Hampshire, but he is the Representative of Ohio and Pennsylvania as well as of all the other States, for power is conferred upon him to legislate for all. The bill to which he gives his assent is as much a law for Ohio and Pennsylvania as for New Hampshire; and we therefore hold that he is as much bound to present the petitions of the inhabitants of the former States as those of the latter. This point will be readily admitted. If the Right of Petition is not an unmeaning phrase, it implies the duty of the Legislature to receive and hear all petitions addressed to it, if they are couched in respectful language. Even the plea that the petitioners ask for that which is unconstitutional for the Legislature to grant, cannot justify it in refusing to receive their petitions, as the Whigs would promptly declare if a Democratic Congress should refuse to receive a petition asking for the establishment of a National Bank, which in the estimation of the Democracy would be unconstitutional. And if such a one was sent to a Democrat, if he dared refuse to present it because he did not agree with the request of the petitioners, he would justly be denounced as a foe to the Right of Petition.

MEETING FOR THE IRISH.—We observe

by the Village Register, that those citizens of Salem and vicinity who sympathize with the people of Ireland in their suffering condition, and desire to adopt some measures for their relief, are requested to meet in this village on Wednesday, the 3rd of March, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at such place as may hereafter be designated by hand-bill. We hope there will be a general attendance. It is stated that only about \$200 have been collected in this neighborhood—hardly a shilling contribution from each person.

"Our Country Right or Wrong."

Is a motto, which although popular with the mass, has been deservedly condemned by the reflecting minority; and well may men of thought and intelligence shrink from the idea of placing country above God, patriotism above right, of pledging themselves to fight seemingly regardless whether it be for Jehovah or against him. There has, however, been manifested a great lack of consistency on the part of some of those who have been foremost in condemning the principle contained in the motto we have quoted. We were forcibly reminded of this, by reading an article in a recent No. of the Cincinnati Herald. We were aware that Dr. Bailey, the former editor of that paper, regarded as traitors all who, believing in the act of self defense, would refuse to aid in repelling the invading forces of the allies of Mexico, but we had hoped better things from the present incumbent. In this we are disappointed.—His position is more objectionable than that of his predecessor, for he says:

"If our country is attacked, no matter for what provocation, we believe in the right of self-defense, and will contribute all our efforts to repel all invaders."

Here is a slight modification in the language of the motto we have placed at the head of this article, but the principle remains the same. "Our Country Right or Wrong," shouts the brawling "patriot;" 'not so,' says the editor of the Herald, 'such sentiment is God-defying and denies man's moral obligation;' but how much more heavenly in its character, and justice is his own, "if instead, our country right or wrong!" True, there is a shade of difference between the two, not in principle, but in words only; the latter is in fact the same motto with an unimportant limitation—unimportant, we say, for there is hardly a soldier in the army from the general who wears the laurels to the subaltern who wins them, but who, arguing from the Herald's position, can make the fighting of the Mexicans upon their own soil an act which every American should sanction.

What is the difference between the Democratic Union and the Liberty party *Herald* in regard to the duty of the American people to sustain the Mexican war? Merely a difference in the place of fighting it. The Herald believes it to be their duty to fight it out should it be moved to American soil, while the Union insists they should do it even upon Mexican territory.

James W. Walker

Helped his meetings here according to appointment. Although the traveling was exceedingly bad, the roads so muddy that even many of the town's people were deterred from attending, yet his audiences were large from the commencement to the close. The only house that could be procured was the Friends' Meeting House. Application was made to the 2nd Baptist Church for the use of theirs, but it was refused, although subscribers were received by them for its erection with the distinct understanding that it should be free for all anti-slavery meetings. They obtained the money, built the house, and then locked its doors against all advocates of Disunion. Sectarians may esteem this honesty, but if the world's people were guilty of it, we should call it by a very different name.

The impression which our friend Walker made was very good, and no one who listened to him, will, we think, question his power as a speaker, or his ability to accomplish a great work. So far as we can learn, he gave very general satisfaction; even those who differed from him cannot well complain of his manner of treating the slavery question. Henry W. Curtis, another agent of the Western Society, was present and participated in the discussions. He reasons well—his conclusions are sound and indisputable. He promises to be an effective laborer in the cause. The only thing we regret about the meetings is, that almost the entire time of the last session was occupied by an individual who rarely has an opportunity of addressing an assembly composed of so many respectable persons; we ought not, perhaps, to regret even this, for we have reason to believe that the grievous infliction of the speech he made, and his appearance there, produced an effect directly the opposite of what he designed, and strengthened the cause of Disunion.

THE WILMOT PROVISO, as will be seen by an extract from the N. Y. Tribune which will be found in another column, has passed the House by a vote of 115 to 105. So far, so good. Its adoption by the Senate is hardly likely; for if the House, which has a

To Correspondents.

J. Mc M. and E. E. and H. T. Shall appear next week.

S. R. The receipt of her name and money at N. Y. have been acknowledged—we supposed she was receiving the paper.—Since getting hers, we have written again about the matter.

W. W. W. The book has been sent.—The arrangement he proposes can be made with the agent for the Bugle, but would it not be better to have another copy forwarded to one of his neighbors? then a dollar mailed to our address will pay for both.

S. S. H. The only documents we have on the subject referred to, have been sent.—Price 31 cents.

W. C. A. His article is acceptable.

S. P. Shall be heard; but his communications are too long for our paper. All must have a chance.

H. R. Will be inserted—rather too lengthy.

B. M. C. Her favor has just come to hand—will answer it after the next meeting of the Ex. Committee.

M. H. We will give place to part of his article.

W. C. His opinion and ours do not differ very much—it was not dignified, certainly.

P. B. Is informed that the person about whom he inquires, discontinued because he was deceived in the character of the paper.

David P. Lowe.

If it will suit his inclination, David P. Lowe is requested to come to this part of the State as early as he conveniently can, for the purpose of holding some anti-slavery conventions in company with another person. If he cannot come, he is requested to write to the undersigned at this place. Those who take the Bugle will confer a favor by calling his attention to this request.

SAML. BROOKE.

THE BLACK LAWS.—In answer to a query of a correspondent in relation to voting for a repeal of the Black Laws, we would say, that the bill referring this question to a decision of the people at the spring election, passed the lower House only, and is therefore of no effect. It was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 18 to 16.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—The American Philological Journal for February, says:

"Americans, ye support no throne, no titled peerage, no established church. You are not required to build for another to inhabit, to sow for others to reap, to plant fruit trees for others to enjoy. No, God has thanked us, we plant, we sow, we build for ourselves, and not for another."

Indeed! This is news to us. If the editor of the Journal be right, then one of two things is certain—either the slaveholder plants cotton seed and sugar cane, and sows rice, or else the slave deals largely in the staple products of the South, and holds extensive commercial relations with the greatest maritime powers of Europe. How strange that intelligent men who live in this land, should so far overlook the hideous fact of slavery, as to forget that three millions of Americans are required to build for others to inhabit, to sow for others to reap, to plant for others to enjoy.

FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER.—It is stated in the Paris journals, that the British Government has lately received information from its agents on the Western coast of Africa, of a frightful occurrence, which, however, is not novel in the annals of slavery. A negro chief, having 2,000 slaves upon his hands, and being unable to dispose of them, had them all killed before his own eyes. The French Government has also been made acquainted with this horrible massacre. The Cabinets of London and Paris have resolved to join in punishing with severity the cruel chief.

Seventy thousand slaves were killed in this country the past year by American chiefs—not by instant massacre, for that were comparatively merciful, but by lingering tortures, the infliction of which would disgrace even the character of an untutored son of benighted Africa. There is, however, no probability of any government interesting itself sufficiently to punish those who murdered them; on the contrary, these bloody tyrants are treated with the most distinguished consideration in this and other lands, and occupy the highest stations in both Church and State.

Senator Atchison, said in his place, in the famous "charge" of Capt. May, of the eighty men then under his command, seventy-six were foreigners.

Very probable. How ridiculous to be eternally prating about American valor, when a portion of the very laurels that are won for the brows of slaveholding generals, are won by the bulldog bravery of foreigners.

DEATHS OF A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN.—An inquest was held at Corbetstone, in this county [midway between this city and Castlecannon], on view of the bodies of four individuals, found in a dyke on the town lands of Webberborough, on Sunday last. It appeared from the evidence at the inquest, that the mother and three children had been in that neighborhood for some days, in a state of very great destitution. The bodies presented a truly heart-rending spectacle, partially covered with filthy rags saturated with mud, and frozen. The following was the verdict of the Jury:—We find that the deceased's and her three children's deaths were caused by drowning; and we find, from the post mortem examination made by Dr. Gwynder on two of the bodies, that they were in a state of hunger bordering on starvation, but how the bodies came into the dyke of water, whether by accident, or design on the part of the mother, we have no evidence to show.—*Kilkenny paper.*

Extract from Corwin's Speech.

The following extract we take from a report in the Tribune of the speech of Thomas Corwin of Ohio, made in the U. S. Senate on the 11th inst. on the "Three Million Bill."

Not a man in North America who has a regard for the rights of nations,—I say more, no man who regards truth and honor, does believe that the marching of your army was into a neighboring Republic but will agree there is only one course left. You must call your army back! You must; unless you are willing to be thought a robber—an invader of your neighbors—you must recall that army! Retrace your steps—and if your President asks of me men and money to prosecute the war, with God's assistance and my own poor faculties, he shall have neither men nor money to prosecute such purpose.

How is it? Am I mistaken in this? I am, I shall consider him the cleverest friend that I may own in all the relations that should happen to me, or can happen to me in this life; I will consider him the best friend who shall satisfy me that I am mistaken in regard to this very question of fact which I have been examining. Gladly will I retrace my steps. Convince me that that army of Gen. Taylor was on American soil—satisfy me that American blood was shed by a hostile army on American soil, and the last dollar that can be drawn from all the resources of the country—the last man that can raise an arm in battle—these will I grant to defend that soil and to protect the rights of citizens there. But until I am satisfied of that I do confess that I must have a right to have an opinion on this subject.

While the American President can command the army, thank God I can command the purse. While the President, under the penalty of death, can command your officers to proceed, I can tell them to come back for supplies, as he may. He shall have no funds from me in the prosecution of such a war. That I conceive to be the duty of a Senator. I am not mistaken in that. It is my duty to grant whatever the President demands, for what am I here? Have I no will upon the subject? Is it not placed at my discretion, understanding, judgment? Have an American Senate and House of Representatives nothing to do but obey the bidding of the President, as the mercenary army he commands is compelled to obey under penalty of death? No! your Senate and House of Representatives were never elected for such purposes as that.

They have been modelled on the good old plan of English liberty, and are intended to represent the English House of Commons who curbed the proud power of the King in older time, by withholding supplies, if they did not approve of the war. It was in that way that English liberty was preserved at one of the most critical periods in the history of that wonderful people. How was it that Charles the 1st came to have at last his head upon the block by the judgment of the Roundheads and Puritans of England? He had granted them everything they asked.—He had surrendered all the kingly prerogatives save one, and what was that? The command of that army raised for the purpose of quelling the rebellion in Ireland. The infamous Wentworth (Strafford) had counseled all along whatever he yielded up to stick to the command of the army.

The Parliament men had required of him that they should appoint the Generals to command, and this was all the remaining difference between them. On that depended the head of him who represented a hundred kings, reigning by divine right. "Give us the command of this army," they said. What was the reply of this doomed and fated representative of the house of Stuart? "Not for one hour, by G—d!" Why did he stick to the command of the army? It had not then become the habit of the House of Commons to make specific appropriations of money. The supplies were given to the King, and he could distribute them as he pleased. Such men as Hale, and Somers and others had not yet learned the true art of managing the tyrants of England. While Charles could command the army, he might control the Parliament and because he would not give up that command, our Puritan ancestors laid his head upon the block. How did it stick with the others?

It was on this very proposition of controlling the Executive power of England by withholding the money supplies that the House of Orange came in, and by their accession to the throne commenced a new epoch in the history of England, distinguishing it from the old reign of the Tudors and Plantagenets and those who preceded it. Then it was that Parliament specified the purpose of appropriation, and since 1688 it has been impossible for a king of England to involve the people of England in a war, which your President under your republican institutions and with your republican Constitution has yet managed to do. Here you stand powerless. He commands this army and you must not withhold their supplies. He involves your country in a wasteful and exterminating war against a nation with whom we have no cause of complaint, but Congress may say nothing!

Oh! when that comes to pass, when the American Senate—when the American House of Representatives stoop to that submission to the behests of the President who is for the time being commander of the army, granting him supplies because he had got you into war, then let some Cromwell come in and say—"The Lord has no need for you. You are a barren fig-tree. You do not bring forth fruit, and the fate of the barren tree is yours. Christ cursed it for its barrenness and it withered." Believing that this is a war of aggression, as the Senator from Missouri had denominated it long ago before this came to be a question of a war of aggression on your part, I cannot support it. I have no way left but to withhold the means to carry on that war. That way I have selected and in that shall continue until I shall be satisfied that I have mistaken my ground on this first grand proposition, and then I shall be ready as any one to retrace my steps.

A word on the proposition before you.—Three millions of money are to be appropriated; and here we labor under a difficulty.—The Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations tells us that he has every reason to believe that peace can be obtained if we grant this appropriation. What reason have you, Mr. Chairman, for that opinion? "Facts which I cannot disclose to you—correspondence which it would be improper to name here—facts which I know, but which you are not permitted to know, have satisfied the Committee of Foreign Relations, it is the most re-

sonable thing in the world! We ought to have the Bay of San Francisco. Why? Because it is the best harbor in the Pacific! It has been my fortune, Mr. President to have practiced a good deal in criminal Courts in the course of my life, but I never yet heard a thief arraigned for stealing a horse, plead that it was the best horse that he could find in the country! We want California. What for? Why, says the Senator from Michigan, we will have it, and the Senator from South Carolina—with a very mistaken view, I think, alike of duty and policy—says, you don't keep our people from going in there. I don't desire to prevent them. Let them go and seek their happiness in whatever country or climate it pleases them.

All I ask is that they go there on their own responsibility, and not require of me to convey their Eagle banner into whatever field of plunder they may choose to enter in their foreign marauding expeditions. This, sir, has been the plea of every robber chief from the time of Nimrod to the present day. I dare say that Tamerlane wanted room. Bajazet was a gentleman also just like your Anglo-Saxon Christian. He wanted room! Alexander wanted room when he went to that very place where recently Britain has fought battle—on the ground on which he found himself engaged with the elephants of his Asiatic foe, when away from his Macedonian empire, in these seas, he sought for room.—There was a California away out there he wanted. He got it. Many a Monterey he had to storm. He had quite as much history as you will ever get.

Why, says the Senator from Michigan the other day, Europe had quite forgotten us until these battles wakened them up! (A laugh.) I wonder if the President of the United States—educated as he is in all military and civil pursuits—ever read that maxim of the man who wrote first law about—Montezuma? "Happy that nation whose annals are written in sand!" The Senator from Michigan has a different view of this. He thinks that a nation is not distinguished until it is distinguished in war. He fears that the slumbering faculties of old Europe have not been able to ascertain there are twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons here—making railroads and canals, and speeding all the arts of peace to the utmost accomplishment of the most refined civilization! They do not know it! And what is the wonderful expedient which this Democratic method of making history would adopt in order to make us known? Shooting Mexican women!

I read in your battle of Monterey, that a poor little girl, with the benevolence of an angel in her bosom, and the robust courage of a hero in her heart, was busily engaged during the bloody conflict, smiting the heads of falling houses and the shrieks of war, in moistening the parched lips of the dying soldiers on either side, when suddenly, as an American officer looked upon her, a cannon-ball struck her and blew her atoms to atoms! Oh! we are known in Earth! How are we recognized among the Christian nations of the world? This is a consummation that makes me think that the Millennial Glory has just dawned upon the bloody field of Monterey. The glory of your great American Republic shall live to the latest syllable of recorded time. You have stormed the Bishop's Palace, and shot an innocent girl engaged in giving water to the dying soldiers in the field!

This was to get room! There lies your acknowledged country, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, so far remote from the habitable parts of your country that you have naturally to hire a regiment to carry the mail to the shores of the Pacific! And you want room! You make the hypocritical pretense that there is a bursting population teeming with energy and enterprise and life, which wants room! You will impose no lies like that upon us. Why shall we be so silly as to attempt to impose upon the world this false pretence?

Do we not know, Mr. President, that of

which was urged a lie could not live long?—But at last there shall nothing abide but truth, and that whatever you or I may say to-day, when we shall have gone down to our graves, with the expectation, like the foolish bird which, when pursued, hides its foolish head in the sand and supposes its poor foolish body is not seen—when we have crawled into the grave, believing that by this falsehood we have imposed upon this world, all will be discovered and made bare to every body, and mankind instead of believing us that we have sought room for a growing population, will say that we endeavored under that hypocritical pretense, to obtain land we did not want, by iniquity and force.

Extract of a Letter from Ireland.

A Dublin correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing under date of January 14, after giving some heart-rending details in relation to the situation of the famishing poor of Ireland, thus concludes:

Mr. Editor, and worthy reader, what shall I add to this appalling catalogue of desolation and death? No words of mine, no words of any one, can deepen the colors of this gloomy picture. Yet its details, numerous and ghastly as they are, present, alike in number and ghastliness, a very tame and insufficient idea of the present condition of Ireland. I am where sufficient—slain too sufficient—opportunities are afforded me to learn how utterly inadequate all words are to represent this dread emergency. The streets of this city swarm with the deadly victims of Fever and Famine. If a faithful Panorama of Dublin could be exhibited to the People of America at this time, every ship in your spacious harbor would be chartered in less than a week to bring food over to its perishing thousands. There are Beggars enough in Dublin at all times—Beggars, not a few, by profession—but at this critical, this unparalleled period, hundreds of persons who have been driven by the force of Hunger away from their homes (homes!) come straggling and sinking into this great city in the desperate hope (which yet ought not to be despised) that among all its wealthy Christians enough will be found to furnish food and raiment for all who are in want. And so, dragging themselves along through every highway, and leaning against the wall of every by-way, may be seen, from early dawn till far into the night, these famishing and forlorn creatures, the very pictures of desolation and despair, appealing with trembling voice and more trembling limb, to your humane sympathies, and asking the poor boon of one morsel of food, or one rag of clothing to keep them from the grave. It is a common sight to see whole family groups—father, mother, sister, brother, babe—standing in the cold streets with bare feet and thin hollow faces, begging eve-

ry passer-by, in the most piteous accents, to give them just one scant meal of victuals to save them from starvation. I will not go on with these horrible statements, but leaving fully—if you will not do something, and do it immediately, to arrest the progress of this awful Famine. Most of you are blessed with competence, many of you with wealth.—Show that these gifts are blessings, and not curses, by coming forward with an open hand and liberal heart, cheerfully to contribute of your store to those who, though children of the same God are bound to you by the ties of an infinite and universal brotherhood, are yet pale with cold and hunger, and see no way, unless it be afforded by your timely help, to put off the day, (which has come to hundreds of their brethren,) of actual starvation.

Much is being done in this country and in England, but the exigency is one which calls for the action of the whole civilized world, nay of the *Universal Human heart*. The present is one of those epochs in the history of Man when all geographical lines sink into insignificance and obscurity, and the great fact of our common origin, our common nature and our common destiny, rises, before every mind, and reveals, in its triple tie, the unseen yet inseparable cord which binds us all together in one indissoluble family, living under the same firmament and rejoicing in the light and love of the same Father. With this fact lighting up the best hearts in all countries, who can doubt that the cries of this people for food will be responded to in every quarter of the globe, and that bread will soon be scattered among them like manna from Heaven? Indeed the response is already heard, and a smile of hope is beginning to brighten the wan face of the country as with the morning twilight of a better day. The Society of Friends in England have raised about一百 and twenty thousand dollars. Queen Victoria has subscribed about ten thousand dollars; many of the nobility have contributed liberally, and the contribution boxes of the English churches are becoming vocal with the silver music of charity.

Soup houses, (soup kitchens they are called here) are springing up all over the country; private individuals and public committees are attempting to fathom (that may provide for) the deep and every-day augmenting distress; Government is spending millions for the employment of a small portion of those who can work; and without doubt, if we Americans do our duty, sufficient energy will be developed to meet the almost unexampled demand.

Daniel O'Connell has given notice that he shall call on Parliament (which meets tomorrow) to contribute *thirty millions of pounds sterling*, at once, for the simple and easily comprehended purpose of buying bread and putting it directly into the mouths of his starving countrymen. The following burst of eloquence was the prostration of a speech which he heard from him last Monday at a crowded meeting in "Conciliation Hall." It was delivered with touching eloquence, and excited such a round of applause as an Irish multitude can alone give, and a Daniel O'Connell alone arose.

..My plan is, that England should immediately borrow 40 millions—that she might ransack the world for food. It will be an increase of 40 millions to the national debt—to be sure it will—but it will be 40 millions to purchase the lives of the Irish people. I have been sneered at by some, and laughed at by others. I have always answered,—"What will you propose—what remedy have you?" "Oh, we will allow merchants to bring corn into the country!" See the price you now pay for corn, compared with the prices at which it was purchased in the original market. There is no chance of salvation for the country, unless the landlords come forward manfully, and boldly insist upon the English Government providing food for the people.

..Talk of drainage! why drainage is very good, as regards next year, or the year after: and as to the cultivation of the waste lands, those lands would produce no crop for two years at least. Now what sort of a remedy is that? It reminds me of a phrase—"Live horse, and you will get grass." They say to the people of Ireland, "live for two years upon the air, and at the end of that time you will get potatoes." Oh! it is melancholy to think of it—it is really ludicrous. In Cork—the county which I represent—they are dying by fifties; coroner's inquests are no longer held, and so numerous are the deaths that a sufficient of coffins cannot be had. Most affecting instances are related of the kindness and devotion of the peasantry in those unhappy districts. One man went seven or eight miles to get work—he didn't taste a morsel for forty-eight hours, so that he might be able to purchase a couple of stone of meat for his family—he carried the provisions till he reached his own door, when he dropped dead of hunger! And when such things occur, and are becoming familiar, am I to be talked to about political economy, and told not to interfere with mercantile speculation? I say to the English Government—interfere for human life!—save human beings—give food to starving thousands—throw the shield of your power and wealth—you are powerful and wealthy—over the people of Ireland. They have suffered much from your tyranny and oppression—you have violated every compact you entered into with them—they have emptied their coffers, and now they cry to you—shout to you—shriek to you to do something to save them from death; and if you don't do something to save them, your own destruction may not be remote. They have been in your battles the right arm of your power—your flag never yet waved in triumph that the commanding blood of Irishmen was not shed for its attainment. Never was there a contest by sea in which your decks were not wet with their blood; and in the hour of their calamity I call upon the Government of England—to save the country. I call upon the Irish gentry firstly and make a demand—loud and a distinct demand—not a demand truckling for petty relief, but a demand commensurate with the magnitude of the evil—to rescue the country from destruction. I call upon the Irish gentry to speak out in a voice of thunder—I call upon England not to dare to refuse to listen to their demand." (The Hon. gentleman resumed his seat amid great applause.)

Why was Texas Annexed?

John C. Calhoun, in a recent speech, thus discourses on the annexation of Texas:

"He objected to this undertaking at first, because the Administration was weak (Mr. Tyler's)—it had, perhaps, no friends in the Senate, and but two or three in the other

House. He objected to coming into the State Department then, but his nomination had been unanimously confirmed before his remonstrance had arrived. The Administration was weak, and that was a strong reason against attempting the Annexation at that time. But he had learned that there was a conspiracy between the World's Convention at London and the Abolitionists of England, by which a fatal blow was proposed to be given to Slavery, and it was to be struck through Texas. England ascertained that Texas was about to be annexed to this Union, and he had had information of a letter from the World's Convention to Lord Aberdeen, in which it was suggested that a fatal blow might be inflicted upon Slavery in the United States, in an acknowledgement and support of the independence of Texas, on condition that she would agree to the abolition of Slavery. There was no time, therefore, to be lost. It was a case of necessity. Hence the Tyer treaty."

Freedom Triumphant!

We announce with surprise and gratification the adoption (yesterday) of the Wilmot Proviso against any further extension of Slavery by the arms or the laws of the United States. The vote of the House (115 to 105) was very full, and the majority decisive beyond all expectation. The House has done its whole duty in the premises, and we trust cannot recede. Now, friends of Freedom in the Senate! the eyes of the world are upon you! Let it never be said that the noblest deliberative body on earth was the last to evince its sympathy with the demand of our Age, that this earth shall soon become the home of Universal Liberty and Justice! Senators from the border Slave States! we implore you to cast such votes as Heaven would dictate and the judgment of future Ages will enthusiastically approve. Not often in glory surpassing that of all conquerors professed so freely to men in civic life as now to you. Act for eternity and all is well!—Tribune.

YET ANOTHER VICTIM!—On Friday last, the people of Hyndsville, in the town of Seward, in this county, were made to witness a shocking scene—the effect of Rum! Benjamin Letts, middle-aged man, and father of a large and respectable family in that place, was found dead that morning in the fields about two miles distant between his house and Cobleskill Centre. He had left home before daylight the Tuesday morning previous—gone to

POETRY.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

The Cottage Home.

A light is shining brightly,
Within a cottage home,
And hearts are beating lightly,
As 'neath a princely dome.

A cheerful fire is glowing
And sparkling on the hearth,
Its warmth and brightness throwing
On innocence and mirth.

A little bird is singing
Sweet melody, rare;
Its joyous tones are ringing
Like silver through the air.

A laughing boy is sitting
Upon his mother's lap.
While she is neatly fitting
A feather in his cap.

A little girl is creeping
Upon the white oak floor,
Or at her brother peeping,
Behind the kitchen door.

Their shouts of laughter ringing
So merrily and clear—
From hearts of joy up-springing,
Fall pleasant on the ear.

"Dear papa," too, is smiling
Upon the lovely scene;
His evening hours beguiling
With happiness, I ween.

And happy is that mother,
Though humble her lot;
For "love to one another,"
Is cherished in the cot.

The love which dieth never—
The sympathy of hearts,
Whom God hath bound together—
A bond which never parts.

East Poulton, Vt., Nov., 1846.

The War for Slavery.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

If ever war was waged for basest ends,
By means perfidious, profligate and low,
It is the present war with Mexico,
Which in deep guilt all other wars transcends,
He who to it his strength or influence lends,
Proclaims himself dear Liberty's worst foe;
Inflicts on human rights a deadly blow,
And slavery's black and bloody reign extends,
Who but a villain will maintain the wrong?
Who but a villain will forsake the right?
Who to enslave the weak will join the strong?
Who in the cause of tyranny will fight?
Land of my birth, that seekest to oppress,
How can I pray to Heaven for thy success?

Little Things.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natural hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it, silently.

Work and despair not; give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the Right,
The holy, true and free!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Charter Oak.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

PARIS, November 16, 1846.

DEAR BURLEIGH:

A few weeks ago, I was at the old city of Rheims, in Champagne, and was wandering with a traveller's curiosity along the streets, when I observed an unusually strong display of police and gendarmes, indicating that some event of uncommon interest was about to take place. I should have known as much from the movement of the people, who, men, women and children, seemed all hastening in one direction. I had arrived in town the day before, and having been busy in visiting the ancient monuments of the place, had made no inquiries as to the spectacles which were to be witnessed. Presuming that some grand review or ceremony was about to take place, I fell into the current and was borne along by it towards one of the public squares of the city. Every moment the human flood poured more and more strongly along the street. Every lane and avenue furnished its tributary stream, and the heaving, surging mass rolled heavily onward to its place. The day was a dismal one. Dark and heavy clouds hung like a solid curtain over the sweet sunrise, and a damp mist had fallen through the early morning. Big drops of rain now began to fall, and distant thunder muttered its grim responses to the feeble flashes of far off lightning. But the people seemed not to heed it. The crowd around me were not of the delicate sort;—men in houses, and women whose heads, protected by a cap of coarse make, had never felt the weight of a bonnet, were not to be driven from a favorite purpose by a few drops of rain even though rain is what a Frenchman fears above all other things.—Uniforms and dresses of ceremony will suffer to-day, though I, as I spread my great cotton umbrella over my head, to the manifest astonishment of all around me, who evidently had never seen so large an umbrella before. I pity those whose military or ceremonial duties will oblige them to-day to stand the storm that is coming, without the good shelter that a common man may put over his head. The crowd bore me on—on—and I saw the square beyond was fast filling with people. In a moment the living torrent of which I formed a part, swept round the corner, and I stood still in the open square. Where were the troops? Where was the procession? I looked in vain for the display I had thought to find, but a single moment revealed to me the fearful business of the morning. There right before me, not ten rods off, frowning darkly through the gray mist, the terrible scaffold lifted itself above the heads of the people, and towering over it,

like the grim genius of destruction above a prostrate victim, rose the bloody guillotine. I had never seen the fearful instrument before; but its history and the picture of its operations which I had seen, made it familiar to me, and I did not need to ask what it was. I would have escaped from the crowd, but it was by no means easy to penetrate the mass behind me that became every moment more and more dense. I confess, too, that a strange and unwarrantable curiosity had its influence in deterring me from the attempt, and I stood hesitating whether to remain or strive to push my way out into the open space where I might breathe air untainted with the smell of human blood. It was useless to hesitate.—A movement in the crowd turned my eyes involuntarily towards the scaffold, and I saw over the guard, two men mounting the steps. How the blood-thirsty masses were disappointed! It was only a couple of officials who went up to see that all was right in the enginey of death, and in a moment they descended. But the human tigers who panted for blood on every side, knew what this movement portended. They had grown familiar with the formulae of death, and knew as well the successive steps in this work of horror, as they did the movement in the dances where they were going to revel that night. Hush! hold! Look how the sea of human forms sways to and fro beyond the scaffold, as the ocean swells after a storm, and see parting to the right and left, like the Red Sea of old, they are gathered into heaps on either side; and through that terrible valley and shadow of death with a thousand dark brows bent upon him, covered with shame and scorn, his look east down to earth, or raised only to shrink back from the glance of some remonstrant companion of other days, comes the victim of this horrid festival. I could but just see him in his approach, and not at all when he halved for a moment on the other side of the blood-stained altar, where the consecrated priest of the law was to offer him up in solemn sacrifice to the God of justice. It was but a moment. The executioner mounted the scaffold and took his place; and slowly and steadily, his steps trembling on the threshold of eternity, the victim followed, leaning on the shoulders of a man who seemed as careless as though he led a friend to his place at the table. In a moment the two priests in attendance were at the poor man's side, and the stern minister of the law himself stood respectfully silent while the latest services of religion were performed—of that religion which human law-givers have yet to learn is one of the highest elements of good government. The Cross was still lifted before the eyes of the wretched man, and still the priest exhorts him to hope in that Savior, whose image was lifted up before him. But his heart failed. The vast multitude became indistinct; the public place swam round and round; his limbs gave way. He staggered and would have fallen, but the assistants caught and supported him.

Poor wretched man! Were the thoughts of other days floating through his bewildered brain, that so unnerfed him? Did he remember the mother whose kindness was linked with his first recollections of his sisters, whose glossy ringlets had twined around his boyhood fingers? Did the merry voices of his childhood playmates ring in his ears again? Did the shadow of the wine above his father's cottage door fall once again on his burning brow, or the voice of welcome as he returned from his first wanderings, sound gratefully in his heart once more? Or was it the fear of death, of death, which he dared a thousand times, that unnerfed him? Alas!—who could fathom his thoughts—the thoughts that even to him came thickly and confused! They lifted him up. The man! with the stamp of youth yet on his brow! He looked not born for such a place. There was a higher promise on that face where nature had set the seal of her approval. They stripped the scanty vestment from his shoulders, and were shutting out the last light—the precious light of heaven from his eyes, when he started convulsively and glared around as if some horrid thought had seized upon his soul. Oh, Heaven!—what a sight was he in that fearful moment! The very tigers who would have lapped his blood up in five minutes afterwards, were awed into the silence of marble. One could not bear even a breath. Oh, ye mothers! was it for such an end as this that his mother felt the anguish of his birth? Was it for this that she fed him at the suse of life, while she parted his raven hair over the clear fair brow of his infancy, and prayed that he might live to be a man. Merciful God!—why is the double nature of the lamb and the demon bound up in the heart of man?

It was the work of an instant to bind him to the plank as he stood, and the crowd trembled with eager anxiety as they saw this final preparation completed. The man of death was ready for the horrid task. The plank as if conscious of its office, turned down, and instantly slid along a groove to bring the neck under the fatal axe. The poor wretch gave one convulsive shriek—a shriek that would have given utterance to an age of agonies, and one that sent a thrill of horror through every heart that was not dead to the voices of humanity. An exclamation burst from the lips of the anxious crowd as the fatal axe loosed from its place above, flashed down upon the neck of the devoted man—Oh, horror! cried I, involuntarily. "Il sera pris très mal le hiver tout froid pisse du sang," said a girl of sixteen, who stood beside me, as the blood jetted from the severed neck, and so indeed more sad to see the axe instant after go up all dripping with gore. The basket into which the head had fallen was lifted from its place with the blood trickling through it—the body was tumbled into another, and the cart moved off with its horrid load, while the glutted crowd dispersed on every side.

Why shall this, said I? What is the terrible necessity that requires such bloody sacrifice? This man had killed his mistress. She had brought him to abject poverty, and drunkenness, and jealousy had driven him to madness. In an evil hour, he yielded to the demon whose phantom had beckoned him on to crime. He struck the fatal blow that severed the bonds between him and the faithless woman. In the prison he came to himself—the agencies that had maddened him, no longer exerted their control over his mind, and the thought of better days came back to take possession of their ancient dwelling place. He felt assured, he said, that God whom he had most of all offend, had pardoned him, though he still trembled at the thought of his terrible death. Human law had not learned the forgiveness of the Divine King, who forgives upon repentance. The human ruler pardons usually only where he doubts if he had a right to condemn.

I had never before witnessed an execution,

I was not a willing witness of this. I pray grey wouldn't you steal!" "What is the use of hanging Tapping; will that convert him?" Various other attempts were made by the captain to puzzle the teacher, and failing, he was heard to say, "That's no go—he is too deep for us."

Amongst these boys, however, were some to whom the word of kindness was evidently a "word in season," who drank in the tender accents with which they were addressed—perchance for the first time—as if it were music to their souls. Then, again, was to be seen some poor pony lad, as gentle in mind as in body, who was obviously dying from infatuation to cope with the requirements of his circumstances—poor, tender saplings growing in an atmosphere which was too bleak for any but the forest oak to brave.—Untainted, except to crime, as most of the children are, much good has already been done. Most of the scholars can read, and books have been supplied suited to their circumstances; and that the books are read with the understanding, is proved by the questions submitted to their teachers. Due honor to their parents has been taught. Many have thus become a comfort to homes to which they hitherto had been an additional curse; and many a mother, herself regenerated through the prattle of her child, has declared, with streaming eyes, "I thank God my girl ever went to school!" Some of the scholars have been partially clad by the Darcus Society connected with the school; and the stress which has been laid upon personal cleanliness has served to educate proper feelings of self-respect; no slight ingredient in civilization. Notwithstanding their many eccentricities, the children are really attached to their teachers; the girls coming forward from natural impulse, and the boys from the politeness giving an affectionate "Good bye, teacher," even to the visitor—and the boys ever striving to please, in spite of their prevailing love of fun. One entire but characteristic instance of this affection for their teacher may be noticed. A teacher, on passing through Field Lane, was attracted by a pugilistic contest; when, on remonstrating with them on their folly, one of the most brutal came up to him in a fighting attitude. Suddenly a boy rushed through the crowd and cried in stentorian tones, "You leave him alone, Bill, or I'll knock you down; don't you know that's my teacher?" It is, then, to win the affections of these the best prelude to the reformation of the writer—"Why is there not a ragged school in every large town of Great Britain?"

Our sketch ends here; but the "ragged school" was not visited for the mere gratification of curiosity, nor is that the motive which induced us to describe the scene. A question entered our minds as we pondered over this visit, and a practical answer to which by our readers is the chief aim of the writer—"Why is there not a ragged school in every large town of Great Britain?"

For the Bugle.

NEW BRIGHTON, February 10, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have just been reading an agonizing account of the deplorable condition of starving Ireland. Is it not unspeakably dreadful that such a state of things is allowed to exist in a state of society which calls itself humane, intelligent, and christian? How can this nation, whose barns and ware-houses groan with repletion, give "sleep to their eyes, or slumber to their eyelids," till bread is given to the starving thousands of Ireland? Is it in vain to appeal to the wealthy merchants, and the mothers' little characters, who bear deep traces of guilt and disease in their countenances. Many of the children have been incarcerated for felony—educated thereto by their parents, as the trade whereby they are to live; and the destiny of all, unless better principles shall be implanted at school than are acquired at home, is the bunks or Norfolk Island. All honor, then, to the brave men and women who have congerated the day of rest to the god-like task of rescuing their fellow-creatures from a life of shame and misery—to change the ruffian into an honest man.

The Smithfield "ragged school" is situated at 65 West street, a locality where winter and fever hold fearful sway. To open it in any other neighborhood, would be to defeat the object of the projectors. The very habitments of the boys, so patched that the character of the original texture could scarcely be gleamed, would almost be sufficient to preclude their ingress to a more respectable neighborhood, and make them sink abashed into louthsome dens. It follows, that the object of the promoters of the "ragged school" is the ingathering of the outcast—requires that it should be held amidst the homes of these outcasts. The house has that battered, worn aspect, which speaks of dissolute idleness; the windows are dark and dingy, and the street too narrow to admit a current of fresh air; and it needed, on the rainy day in March, in which it was visited, but a slight active imagination to call up visions of the robberies and murders which have been planned in and of which it has been the scene.

The entrance to the school was dark; and there were no windows to illuminate the rickety staircase, we stumbled into the school room on entering the first floor before we were aware. On entering, the eye was greeted by a spectacle to which, from its mingled humor and pathos, the pencil of Hogarth could alone have done justice. We found a group of forty to fifty girls in one room, the girls, although the offspring of thieves, quiet, winsome, and maidenly; but the boys full of grimaces and antics, and by jest and cuffing, evincing that they thought the idea of attending school fine fun. Foremost among them was a boy, apparently aged seventeen, but as self-collected as a man of forty, of enormous head, and with a physiognomy in which cunning and wit were equally blended, whose mystery over the other boys was attested by their all addressing him as "captain." The boys had their wan, worn faces as clean as could be expected, and their rags seemed refurbished up for the occasion; whilst their ready repartee, and striking original remarks, and the electric light of the eye, when some peculiar practical joke was perpetrated, evinced that intellect was there, however uncultivated or unused. Unless we are greatly self-deceived, we behold in this unprincipled assemblage as good a show of heads as we have ever seen in any other Sunday school, and the remark is justified by what we learned with respect to the shrewdness generally evinced by these children. The predominant temperament was the sanguine, a constitution which indicates a great love for animal exercise; and during the time we were present, they appeared as if they could not sit quiet one moment—heads, feet, hand, may the very trunk itself seemed struggling to do something, and that something generally being found in sheer mischief.

Hymns were occasionally sung to lively measures, the girls singing with a sweetness and pathos that sunk deep into the heart, but the boys continually grinning and joking, down-tailing into the hymns the leg-ends of popular songs, yet all the time attempting to look grave and sober, as if they were paying the most respectful attention. When the superintendent told the boys that he was about to pitch the tune, and that they must follow him, they before mentioned as the captain cried out in a stage whisper, "Mr. —— says we are to follow him; I wonder where he's going to!"—I just had with a laugh by his confederates. During teaching, questions of an unanswerable character were submitted by the boys to their master; for example, "If you were starving and han-

grey wouldn't you steal!" "What is the use of hanging Tapping; will that convert him?" Various other attempts were made by the captain to puzzle the teacher, and failing, he was heard to say, "That's no go—he is too deep for us."

Amongst these boys, however, were some to whom the word of kindness was evidently a "word in season," who drank in the tender accents with which they were addressed—perchance for the first time—as if it were music to their souls. Then, again, was to be seen some poor pony lad, as gentle in mind as in body, who was obviously dying from infatuation to cope with the requirements of his circumstances; and that the books are read with the understanding, is proved by the questions submitted to their teachers. Due honor to their parents has been taught. Many have thus become a comfort to homes to which they hitherto had been an additional curse; and many a mother, herself regenerated through the prattle of her child, has declared, with streaming eyes, "I thank God my girl ever went to school!" Some of the scholars have been partially clad by the Darcus Society connected with the school; and the stress which has been laid upon personal cleanliness has served to educate proper feelings of self-respect; no slight ingredient in civilization. Notwithstanding their many eccentricities, the children are really attached to their teachers; the girls coming forward from natural impulse, and the boys from the politeness giving an affectionate "Good bye, teacher," even to the visitor—and the boys ever striving to please, in spite of their prevailing love of fun. One entire but characteristic instance of this affection for their teacher may be noticed. A teacher, on passing through Field Lane, was attracted by a pugilistic contest; when, on remonstrating with them on their folly, one of the most brutal came up to him in a fighting attitude. Suddenly a boy rushed through the crowd and cried in stentorian tones, "You leave him alone, Bill, or I'll knock you down; don't you know that's my teacher?" It is, then, to win the affections of these the best prelude to the reformation of the writer—"Why is there not a ragged school in every large town of Great Britain?"

BE SOMETHING.—There is a moral grandeur in the thought, "I have made myself;"—The world may wag their heads and you may be denounced, but if you are conscious that integrity of purpose has always characterized you, and that you now stand on an eminence, placed there by your own rectitude of heart, you have nothing to fear. You had not the influence of wealth, nor the "Go as speed you" of powerful friends; but you had more—a heart fixed and determined, and this has made you what you are. Go on—add virtue to virtue—look steadily at the goal before you, at last your most treacherous and arful companions will acknowledge your superiority, and feel proud of being among the number of your friends. The man who is resolved to be something in the world, should have nothing to fear; and when he little dreams of it, his friends are gathering about his head and an influence goes out from him which is exerted, silently but surely, for the good of thousands.

BEAUTIFULLY INSTRUCTIVE.—Hume once remarked, that a man's genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to those undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind. Let the aspiring mind treasure up the above.

"He who would win, must labor for the prize."

Famine in Ireland.

The reporter of the Cork Constitution, who has visited the west of Ireland, gives the following awful picture of that district:

DUNMANWAY, Monday night, 12 o'clock.—At ten o'clock this night, I arrived here from Ballydehob, and I now attempt to give you a few of the horrible details, and of some scenes which I learned and witnessed here. My heart is sick from the misery around me. Description is unavailing.

Entering the town of Dunmanway on Sunday, I met four corpses going to Fandagh graveyard. The first was carried on two sticks or wattles borne by men; it was followed by about a dozen people. The next was of a man who had been an additional curse; and many a mother, herself regenerated through the prattle of her child, has declared, with streaming eyes, "I thank God my girl ever went to school!" Some of the scholars have been partially clad by the Darcus Society connected with the school; and the stress which has been laid upon personal cleanliness has served to educate proper feelings of self-respect; no slight ingredient in civilization. Notwithstanding their many eccentricities, the children are really attached to their teachers; the girls coming forward from natural impulse, and the boys from the politeness giving an affectionate "Good bye, teacher," even to the visitor—and the boys ever striving to please, in spite of their prevailing love of fun. One entire but characteristic instance of this affection for their teacher may be noticed. A teacher, on passing through Field Lane, was attracted by a pugilistic contest; when, on remonstrating with them on their folly, one of the most brutal came up to him in a fighting attitude. Suddenly a boy rushed through the crowd and cried in stentorian tones, "You leave him alone, Bill, or I'll knock you down; don't you know that's my teacher?" It is, then, to win the affections of these the best prelude to the reformation of the writer—"Why is there not a ragged school in every large town of Great Britain?"

Anti-Slavery Books Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are

Narrative of Douglass.

Archy Moore.

The Liberty Cap.

Brotherhood of Thieves.

Slaveholder's Religion.

Disunionist, &c.

The Forlorn Hope of Slavery, by Pillsbury; Fact & Fiction, by Mrs. Child; and The Memoirs of C. T. Torrey, will probably be received very soon.

THE SALEM BOOK-STORE

Has changed hands, and the New Firm having made considerable additions to the old stock, respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers and the public. They are constantly receiving

They will try to keep such an assortment and sell on such terms, as that no one need